# Long, long ago / by Clara C. Lenroot

Clara C. Lenroot

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*To my dear sister Bertha, who shares most of these memories with me, they are affectionately dedicated.*

**THE LITTLE GIRL I USED TO BE**

*The little girl I used to be Has come to-day to visit me. She wears her Sunday dress again — Merino, trimmed with gay delaine; Bare neck and shoulders, bare arms, too, Short sleeves caught up with knots of blue; Cunning black shoes, and stockings white, And ruffled pantelettes in sight. Her hair, 'round Mother's finger curled, Looks "natural" for all the world! The little girl I used to be! So wistfully she looks at me! O, poignant is my heart's regret That ever I have failed her! yet, Something of her has come with me Along the years that used to be! I pray that when 'tis time to go Away from all the life we know To the new life, where, free from sin, As little children we begin, This little girl I used to be Will still be here to go with me!* —C. C. L.

1

**LONG, LONG AGO**

*Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long ago; long, long ago. Sing me the songs I delighted to hear, Long, long ago, long ago.* F. H. Bayley

**HUDSON**

In the year 1861 there lived in a little backwoods town of Wisconsin a family with which this narrative has much to do.

Twenty miles from St. Paul, on the banks of the St. Croix River, the little town of Hudson nestled in the valley.

There was no railroad or telegraphic communication with the outside world. Small steamers transferred passengers and freight to and from the waters of the Mississippi. Miles down the great stream were towns where railroads met the waterways.

About three years previous to the date above given a young lawyer by the name of Solon H. Clough had brought his wife and small daughter from Fulton, New York state, to share his fortunes in the wilderness, attracted to the far West by the dreams that led so many adventurous feet in that direction. The child who accompanied them, little Clara, now an old woman, writes these chronicles. As my pen disturbs the ashes of the past, memory's embers glow unexpectedly, giving life and warmth to many an incident until now forgotten for years. I remember attending service in the small white 2 Baptist Church, at the corner of Vine and Third Streets, the site of the present First Baptist Church edifice. My father was something of a leader in the church. He often led the singing, standing before the congregation, taking from his vest-pocket a “tuning-fork” a two-pronged instrument of finely-tempered steel—nipping the tapering prongs with his teeth, so that the vibration produced a buzzing tone which he reproduced vocally as “d-o-d,” the audience repeating. If the keynote of the hymn happened to be three tones higher, “do-re-mi,” sang my father, “mi” was translated to “do,” the congregation echoing, and they were off, probably to the tune of “Rock of Ages,” or “My Faith Looks up to Thee.”

An Englishman, by the name of Mr. Wood, a carpenter by trade, with his numerous family, attended the same church. For a long time I thought that all carpenters were named Wood, as seemed to me most appropriate. This man lived near us, and neighborly relations existed between the two families. It came about that father requested Mr. Wood to make

a cradle, to supply an anticipated need. It was a black walnut cradle, entirely hand-made, with spindles all around, the four-corner spindles being higher than the others. Honest workmanship went into the making. It was to be needed in August. Little Clara's birthday occurred in that month also, and Mr. Wood was instructed to make a doll's cradle for her birthday gift, should there be suitable bits of lumber left. One was made. Much smaller, of course, and of a different style. All pieces were mortised together. No screws, nails, or glue. Little Clara's birthday was on August 14th. She was five years old. She loved the cradle, and her dolly reposed in it much of the time for a week, with much rocking and crooning, and many tuckings in of the small patch-work quilt. On the 20th of August the new baby arrived, so tiny that she

*From daguerrtype of my father and mother taken just before they left New York state to settle in Wisconsin.*

3 was quiet lost in her own spacious cradle, and Dolly was encouraged to sit up, while the new baby, Bertha, reposed in the doll's cradle. It was scarcely in the way at all. It could be set upon the table, baby and all, while the room was being swept, and thus kept out of the dust.

The house was a small brown cottage, with a steep gable roof, set against a sheltering hill. It was on the outskirts of the little town, and there were no very near neighbors; it was a long walk to the dingy little law office down town; consequently the wife and little ones were very much alone all day. Like many lonely children, I had playmates—two of them—who were purely imaginary, and utterly absurd to my parents, though very real to me. They were with me constantly, sharing every joy and sorrow, every punishment and reward, and were the most delightful playmates imaginable, being sympathetic and responsive to every childish mood of mine, ready to assume any part in our plays. I often attempted to make shock-absorbers of them, but never succeeded in convincing my mother that they, and not I, were wholly responsible for my misdeeds. I was like the little girl who, having been forbidden to eat the currants in the garden, and having been often admonished to resist temptation by saying “Get thee behind me, Satan!” disobeyed as to the currants, and told

her mother that when she commanded Satan to get behind her, he did so, and pushed her right into the currant bushes! So my two familiar spirits were often accused of pushing me into many a scrape. Their odd names were conjured from my inner consciousness, never having been heard by any of us in song or story. Hone-ja and Sine-ja—always thought and spoken of in this order, so Hone-ja must have been the elder—sound decidedly Norse, but at that time I had never seen, or even heard of a Scandinavian. A spiritualist friend of my mother's declared that they were undoubtedly 4 the spirits of little Scandinavian children who, finding me a congenial spirit, came to play with me. With an ever-widening horizon, they gradually faded away. I doubt if such experiences are common, even to imaginative children, in these modern days so full of distractions.

To return to the cradle. I can remember the day that my sister was born. She was born in “the parlor,” where a bed had been temporarily set up. My father came up to my room early in the morning to tell me the wonderful news. I was hurriedly dressed by clumsy fingers which trembled a little, and taken down to see the baby. To my amazement the little parlor seemed full of neighbor-women; people whom I had seen at meetings of the “Ladies Aid,” and I wondered if we were having one at our house at that hour in the morning. In a very real sense the gathering was a “Ladies Aid!” There were but three or four, but the room seemed quite full. Some had come bearing gifts—a bowl of gruel for my mother, and something for our table. One of them—an old lady—had been there all night. They smiled when I came in, one took me by the hand, and leading me to the bed where lay my wan mother, turned down the quilt, and there, in the hollow of her arm, nestled the wee one. I was shown a tiny foot, which impressed me more than anything else and straightway took its first step into my heart. In those days, and under such conditions, young mothers could not be encouraged in idle helplessness, and it was not long before this particular mother managed to reach the rocking-chair, and with the baby in her arms, propel the chair by a series of zig-zag jerks to the small chest of drawers dedicated to the baby's wardrobe. In such painful manner was the child bathed and dressed. I seen to remember that kind neighbors came in with donations from their tables, and to assist in

other ways 5 for a few days. An inefficient “hired girl” from a nearby farm came to cook and to wash dishes. All too soon the mother resumed the household tasks, and then I was promoted to the position of mother's helper, young as I was. I could jog the cradle, first the doll's cradle, later the large one, and it was a proud day for me when I was allowed to sit in my little rocking-chair; with the precious baby placed in my arms, and rock her to sleep. At one time a rash, or canker appeared in baby's mouth. I think it was called “thrush.” Nowadays a gentle swabbing with boric acid constitutes a preventive and a remedy. Then the old wives recommended a rather complicated application of the boracic principle. A small square of soft, clean linen was prepared, and a bit of home-cured fat salt pork was laid upon it, sprinkled with powdered sugar and with pulverized borax. The corners of the square were gathered together, a thread wound around it, and there was the forerunner of the pacifier. I distinctly remember watching its construction with absorbed attention. The baby loved it, the salt from the pork, together with the borax undoubtedly soothed the cankered mouth, the fat neutralized the caustic property of the borax, and the sugar made it palatable. I liked it myself, and indulged in a surreptious such or two now and then, but germs had not yet been discovered, so no harm was done.

I remember when Christmas came to that little house under the hill. Sometimes during the previous summer a friend of my father's had presented me with an adorable Newfoundland puppy. By December he was a well-grown dog. Father commissioned Mr. Wood to make a sled for my Christmas gift. Oh, what a sled! The same honest workmanship went into it that made the cradles. It was large; it was red, with yellow trimmings; it had a box, and a seat, both removable, also a pair of removable 6 fills. The runners were carefully curved, and shod with the best of steel. It could be transformed at will from a coasting-sled to a sleigh. Someone made a harness, to which bells were attached. Lion was broken to harness, and a proud and happy little girl rode in state behind his wagging tail. No Rolls-Royce car ever gave more pleasure. Father cleared the oak shrubs from the hill side, broke a coasting road, and he and I had many a thrilling ride down the steep incline.

Poor Lion led a dog's life! Scalded with hot water by an irate old woman whose garbage he had disturbed, he lay for weeks in our barn, carefully tended by my father, who applied ointments and bandages with the utmost tenderness, and saved his life.

I remember another Christmas of those early years, which was more meager. I think it was the one preceding the advent of the sled. My stocking was hung, but alas! there was not much to fill even one so small. A few walnuts in the toe, an apple or two to make it “bulgy,” and at the very top, a wonderful candy heart, adorned on one side by a lovely colored wreath of forget-me-nots and roses, in the center of which was an entrancing pair of lovers, with Cupid hovering overhead. The top of the stocking was stretched to the widest extent to enclose the lower part of the heart. It was a truly remarkable example of the confectioner's art, and I regarded it with awe, not unmixed with mouth-watering anticipations. Mother said it was “too good to eat” and suggested that it should be honored by a place on the parlor mantel, which I could barely reach by standing on tiptoe. The parlor was a cold, closed room during the winter months, except on Sunday afternoon, so temptation was somewhat removed, but many a peek through the slyly-opened door kept the gastric juices active. Even a guilty lick or two 7 on the back of the heart was frequently indulged in, until, on one truly heart-breaking day, I licked a hole through it! That was the beginning of the end.

The cradle occupied a large space, in more ways than one, in the little home. Mother spent her leisure (?) moments sitting beside it, her hands always occupied with knitting or sewing as her foot on the rocker jogged the cradle at intervals, while her sweet contralto voice sang Watt's cradle hymn: *“Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber; Holy Angels guard thy bed. Heavenly blessings without number Gently falling round thy head. How much better thou'rt attended Than the Son of God could be, When from Heavens he descended To become a child like thee!”*

# 1861-1929 Clara Lenroot

There I was taught to knit and to sew, sitting by her side in my little chair, carefully overhanding patchwork, or knitting long strips for the garters worn in those days. When I was promoted to knitting stockings, it was understood that I could not go out to play until I had knitted seven times around, and I often retired to sit on the floor under the dining-room table while performing that stunt. I was not allowed to leave the work half way across a needle, but must knit to the end, and neatly sheathe the needles in the ball of wool.

One event immediately following the baby's advent comes to mind. Someone suggested cracked wheat as a necessary part of my mother's diet. There were no patented cereals on the market at that time, so father borrowed C. L. Hall's horse and buggy; he and I drove to Green's Mill on Willow River, and we had some wheat 8 coarsely ground to order, taking some grain home with us to be ground in the family coffee mill. Never was there a more delicious cereal food! Served with sugar and cream, and retaining the rich, nutty flavor of the entire wheat, it was a dish fit to set before a king.

Our Sunday nigh luncheons consisted of popcorn and milk, and sometimes when the corn did not pop well, we parched it, ground it in the coffee mill, and served it with milk. Father asked a blessing at every meal, and had family prayers at night. Mother was a famous cook, and our simple fare was appetizing and nourishing. Home-made pork sausages, well flavored with sage and summer savory were much more delicious than any obtainable now. Maple syrup from the “sugar-bushes” in the vicinity was plentiful. Buckwheat flour was ground in the local mill.

About this time kerosene lamps came into such common use, that candlesticks were practically discarded, one or two being reserved in each household for emergency, or to light the members of the family to bed, it being considered not quite safe to carry the clumsier lamps about. People had learned by experience to safeguard their homes from the open flame of the candle, but the explosive property of kerosene was an unaccustomed danger, and wisely feared. I have often wished I had the four or five squatty

brass candlesticks with thumb-holes in the handle at the side, which were thrown away during a spring house-cleaning time.

The lamps were very interesting. There were green paper shades decorated with landscapes. The wicks were often pieced out with strips of red flannel, which lent an enticing bit of color through the glass lamp. The lamp itself rested upon a wonderfully constructed mat made of colored wools, in the exact center of the round 9 “center table” from which it shed its cheerful rays upon what was truly the family circle, grouped about it engaged in their evening occupations. The mother probably with knitting or darning, the father with his newspaper, and the children with books or games, perhaps playing “cats-cradle” with bits of string. Two modern conveniences, the electric light and the heating plant, distributing uniform heat and light to each room in the house, are responsible for a most significant change in family relations. Formerly, from the very necessity of the case, the family gathered each evening around a common source of light, by a common fireside, and there pursued their various occupations or amusements, the children being always under the eye and influence of the parents. Now that every room in the house is made comfortable by light and heat, John and Mary repair each to their own room, there to study or to entertain their chums without much supervision. Thus began an era of juvenile independence and individuality which is still in the ascendency and the consequences of which are so far-reaching that no man can foresee to what it is leading our civilization. It has already led to astounding changes in human relationships.

Who remembers, as I do, the dear old grandmothers of that long-ago time, who walked sedately to church, clad in sober garments, wearing black lace mitts, and carrying a “reticule”? The reticule is not so obsolete in fact as in name, for it much resembled the modern bag, or pocket-door, which we carry. Originally it was made of netted mesh, put the one I remember was of dark brown leather, adorned with a simple pattern of steel nail-heads. It was rather the worse for wear, but according to the frugal standards of those days, too good to throw away! On its way to church it usually contained small change,—perhaps the widow's mite—for the 10 contribution box, a pair of steel-bowed glasses, a

clean handkerchief, neatly folded, and some cardimon seeds—the spicy fruit of an East Indian shrub, then commonly sold in drug stores—which were with perfect propriety, if rather surreptitiously, chewed occasionally during the service. The discs of pink or white peppermint candy often slyly found their way from this receptacle to the mouth of an uneasy grandchild during the tedious service.

To go back a generation further, my Mother told a tale of her childhood days, when church services were so prolonged that an adjournment for lunch was sometimes taken. This was in New York State, however, not in Wisconsin. On one occasion a mother, having brought her baby, placed a pint cup of milk under the seat with which to fed the baby during recess. She thought it securely covered, but a hungry little dog found it, dislodged the cover, and attempted to “have one” on the baby. But alas! his head stuck fast in the cup, and you can imagine the clattering and banging that ensued. The mother added to the gayety of the occasion by exclaiming, “Get out, you brute!” “O, I spoke in meetin'!” “Mercy on us! I did it again!” “My goodness, I keep a doin' it!” There the story ended, and for aught I know to the contrary the mother may be still exclaiming, and poor Fido may have his head in the milk can to this day. I related this story to an acquaintance of recent years, who is of my age, and she said, “My mother used to tell me that story.” Her mother was born, and spent her childhood in Brewster, Maine, and mine was born and brought up in Elmira, New York. There were not very frequent communications between those two towns in those days. It sounds like a folk-tale.

Soon after the daguerreotyping process of making portraits was invented, traveling “artists” penetrated to 11 remote villages, opening their studios, sometimes in tents, for a few days, when every man, woman, and child who could possibly command the modest price, “sat” for their portrait. White, or very light colored clothing did not “take well”, hence it came to pass that when the daguerrotype man came to our town, we were able to repay the load of C. L. Hall's horse and buggy, which conveyed us to Green's Mill, by loaning to his little daughter Mary my dark red merino dress, trimmed with vertical bands of flowered delaine, so that she might have her picture taken. After years of separation, Mary and I

met again as students at the University of Wisconsin, and we were able to produce each a daguerreotype taken in the same dress.

It was while we were living in the little brown house that we were greatly excited by the news of an impending visit from some wealthy relatives of New York City. My father's sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Butler, wrote that they were coming, “Aunt Lou” to see her brother and his family, and “Uncle Richard” to hunt deer in the wilds of Wisconsin. Uncle Richard, having lived abroad a great deal, and being something of a patron of arts, became, in later years, a very intimate friend of Bartholdi, the French sculptor whose best known work is the Statute of Liberty Enlightening the World, presented by the French Government to America, which stands at the entrance to New York Harbor. The name, Richard Butler, is carved with the names of other members of the receiving committee, on the pedestal of the statue.

Of course, more or less consternation was mingled with the pleasure of anticipating such a visit, but I was too young to experience anything but the keenest delight in the prospect. The little house was made spick and span, sleeping accommodations were somehow managed, 12 a supply of my mother's delicious cookery stocked the pantry, and they arrived, a handsome, distinguished, charming couple, who excited much interest in the village. There were among the residents people of refinement and culture who had come West as had my father, and although we could not give formal dinner parties, the little parlor was filled many an evening with congenial guests to whom the advent of this couple was a great treat. Aunt Lou had a beautiful voice, and Father rented a melodeon on which Aunt played her accompaniments to the sweet old songs. I remember “How so Fair Stood She There,” “Kathleen Marvourneen,” “Down the Burn, Davie Love,” “The Bright Rosy Morning Breaks Over the Lea,” “When the Twilight Bat Was Flitting,” and for a humorous selection the ditty of “Johnny Sands.”

An Irish gentleman accompanied my Aunt and Uncle to Hudson for the purpose of going deer-hunting, and he dined at our house one night. My previous knowledge of the Irish

had been confined to Patrick and Bridget Divaney, faithful, devoted souls who occasionally gardened and washed for us. I loved them both, and supposing them to be typical of all the Irish, could scarcely believe that this cultured man was Irish too. I was not allowed at the dinner table on that occasion, nor in the crowded little parlor afterwards, but after dinner I sat in the dining room close to the parlor door which was ajar a tiny crack, and peeped through. That was my first debut into real Society, just a tiny green bud, unseen and unsuspected, but getting more thrills to the minute than the gayest of modern debutants.

Every village had its local bard, then as now. One dwelt in the town of Lakeland, just across the lake, in 13 Minnesota, and thus sang he, most seriously, of his lady-love, the effusion being printed in the local paper: *“In Lakeland town on Lake Saint Croix, There lives a lovely charmer; O, she is sweet, without alloy, Is Mary Ellen Palmer. Should any viper dare to shake, My lovely Ellen's fame, I'd drown him, damn him! in the lake, Or something else the same!”*

This became a favorite ditty with my father, whose eyes twinkled with merriment as he sang it.

Our village, in common with every other community in the country, was stirred to its depths by the outbreak of the Civil War. Anxious thoughts filled Mother's mind as she rocked the cradle, and her dear face looked worn and sad. No woman knew, when her husband left her in the morning, that he might not come home at night to kiss her and the babies goodbye, and march away never to return.

Harrowing conflicts took place in the breasts of those pioneer men, as they tried conscientiously to decide between duty to country and duty to family. Father paced the floor many a night with haggard face as the battle waged within him. Mother, little and frail, daily working beyond her strength to meet the needs of her family, thousands of miles from any kin, how would she fare if father enlisted? So many able-bodied men had gone or were going that none would be left to depend upon in an emergency. No hired man

would be available for the hard chores of chopping wood and shoveling snow, even if there were money to pay for extra labor. Such was the situation in our home, and in thousands of others. They took it to the Lord in prayer, those pioneer patriots, but 14 even so, it was a hard problem to solve. Father decided not to volunteer, but to stay with his family unless drafted.

These things were in the very air we breathed. Children, like myself, apparently too young to remember, received lasting impressions, fortified, of course, by subsequent household conversations.

There was no Red Cross organization, but “Soldier's Aid Societies” were organized, meeting usually in churches, and there the women sewed, and “scrapped lint” in lieu of making the modern surgical dressings. Old cuffs and shirt bosoms and every scrap of linen were utilized. Even little children worked, and I remember very well going to the Baptist Church with my mother, and being provided with a square of planed hardwood called a “lint board,” and with a sharp pen-knife. Very important we children felt as we scraped away the linen, making fluffy piles of the soft lint “for the soldiers.” That thought thrilled our hearts.

The talk that went on about us was much of it beyond our comprehension; still we absorbed the spirit of the North and hated the South, and as the women worked they tried to comfort one another for the absence or the loss of dear ones. Long letters from the absent were sometimes read aloud, describing camp scenes, or battle experiences, or hair-breadth escapes from Libby Prison, and some tears fell on the fluffy lint. All this thrilled us and left indelible memories.

Almost all conversation was of the war. Soldiers came back on furlough, the wounded and sick appeared in our midst, and it became daily a more vital and personal thing. A manly young lieutenant in uniform, Charles Allen, brother of Mother's most intimate friend, Mrs.

Packard, came home on furlough and we saw much 15 of him. It was a thrilling moment when he swung me upon his shoulder and marched down the street with me.

We children caught the spirit of the times, though but dimly comprehending what it was all about. A very exciting moment was when I sat on the fence with other children of my own age, and we joined our shrill excited voices to the exultant shouts, “Vicksburg is taken! Vicksburg is taken!”

The cradle hymn in those days was quite frequently: *“We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one vacant chair; We shall linger to caress him When we breath our evening prayer.”*

The lines were often sung with quavering voice and tear-dimmed eyes. Our modern philosophy of putting grief behind us, or in so far as possible, keeping it to ourselves, was not so prevalent then, especially among simple village folk.

Sanitation had not then been reduced to an approximately exact science, and house flies were plenty, even in the best regulated families. Many were the devices resorted to for mitigating the annoyance. Feathery branches of asparagus were often suspended from the ceiling. The flies seemingly loved to cling to them.

The “Home Beautiful” was as much desired in those days as now, but lack of means and lack of taste resulted in some queer contrivances to relieve the monotony of bare walls. I have been in homes of some pretense to dignity where “air castles” swung from the ceiling. One variety was made of long strips of old white sheets, about an inch a half wide, raveled at each edge so that they 16 were mostly fluffy fringe, twisted and looped and festooned over a wire frame in such a manner that a very intricate “air castle” was constructed. Another was made of squares of perforated silver cardboard, bound with gay ribbon, cross-stitched with a pattern, and sewed together at the edges so as to form hollow cubes, the largest cube forming the center of an elaborate structure made by dangling the smaller and smaller cubes from the four corners. Pitiful attempts at interior decoration,

dreadful enough when fresh, but they invariably became fly-specked and dust-laden and hideous.

Precautions against the spread of contagious diseases were not so great then as now. When my playmate died of diphtheria Mother helped to “lay out” the victim, and I was allowed to go to the house for a last look at my little friend, simply taking the precaution of saturating my handkerchief with spirits of camphor as a disinfectant. During epidemics of children's contagious diseases we often wore small bags of sulphur, or even of the ill-smelling assafoetida next to the skin, suspended around our necks by a string. The close, ill-ventilated school-rooms must have been odoriferous.

When I was eight years old a great change occurred in our affairs. A circuit judge having died in an adjoining circuit my father was advised that he had a good chance of an appointment to fill the vacancy, and election to the six-year term the following spring if he would take up his residence in that district. So we moved from Hudson to the still smaller village of Osceola Mills, Polk County, about forty miles north. I am sure my parents left Hudson with regret, leaving many warm friends behind them. My father's law partner was Mr. Henry C. Baker, afterwards a partner of former United States Senator John C. Spooner, and uncle of Ray Stannard Baker, the well-known writer.

*Traveling costume of an eight year old girl in* 1864.

17

It was decided that the transition period between the breaking up of our household and getting settled at Osceola Mills would be an opportune time for Mother to take the two children and go “back East” to visit friends and relatives. With the munificent salary of somewhere between twelve and eighteen hundred dollars as year, practically assured, father felt that he could afford it. Our wardrobes had to be replenished, and Mother's needle was very busy. One of the costumes prepared for me, an eight-year-old girl, was a dark skirt, to be worn with a bright scarlet flannel “Garibaldi Waist,” somewhat resembling

the later shirtwaist. Another consisted of a skirt of black and white checked material, a fine white organdy waist, and a circular cape of the same material as the skirt but of a larger check, reaching to the hem. The cape was adorned with a “hood” ending in a point in the back, from which depended a black silk tassel, and a cord and tassel, tied in front, secured the garment around my neck. Memory is aided in this instance by a photograph taken in this elegant array.

Of the journey itself I have but vague memories. We went “down river” on a side-wheel steamer, and I think we transferred to the cars of Dubuque, Iowa. Our first visit was at Syracuse, New York, where we visited my mother's sister, Aunt Diane. Her home was luxuriously furnished, and surrounded by fine grounds. I seemed to be living in fairyland, not entirely without its dragons, as I was very much in awe of pompous “Uncle Palm” and in real terror of “Cousin Fred,” somewhat older than myself, and at just the age when teasing girls was his chief delight.

With other details of that visit East we will not concern ourselves, as this chronicle is more for the purpose of recalling memories of our pioneer life in the West.

18

**OSCEOLA MILLS**

Here we are then in Osceola Mills, father, mother, eight-year-old Clara, and three-year-old Bertha, cradle and all. I think the cradle served Bertha for a bed nearly up to the time we left Hudson. The thought of the cradle first jogged these sleeping memories into wakefulness, and it is the one article of furniture around which many of them seem to cluster. It accompanied us in our migrations, and its safe transportation was always a matter of family concern. The doll's cradle and the sled were also a part of our permanent equipment for many years. We shall hear more of them later.

We did not go immediately to housekeeping in Osceola. For a while we boarded at the Kenyon Hotel, kept by a couple of good old souls who did the best they could according

to their standards and opportunities, but that best was pretty poor, and we were not very comfortable or happy there. Father's new duties kept him away from home much of the time, holding court at the widely separated county seats in his large district. Travel was by means of stage or private conveyance entirely, the roads were bad, stopping places poorly equipped and poorly kept, and real hardships were endured.

During his absences Mother set about establishing herself in friendly relations with her new neighbors. So sweet and dear was she that she was beloved wherever known. I was sent to the village school, we attended the Baptist Church and Sunday School, and soon laid the foundations of life-long friendships. My red sled was a passport to the best society on the coasting hill. It would easily outdistance any other, and could carry two or three youngsters at a time. Many a young beau begged for the privilege of steering it down hill and dragging it up again.

19

An epidemic of smallpox broke out in the lumber camps and was carried into the villages, and vaccination—a comparatively new process—was the order of the day.

Old Dr. Gray, a typical “Old School” practitioner, lived at the Kenyon House. He was ignorant, stubborn, unscientific and unclean, and his method of obtaining virus for vaccination would not be tolerated in any civilized community today. In his professional rounds he collected all the scabs from the patients he had previously vaccinated, ground them to a powder, mixed them, and carried a bottle of the vicious mixture always with him, ready for use. Heaven only knows how many infections of various sorts he was directly responsible for! Father sent to a St. Paul physician for a more scientifically prepared vaccine. Dr. Gray was much incensed at this insult to his method, and resolved to thwart my father's plans. Mother took me to his office in the hotel to be vaccinated, and gave him a tube of vaccine. He sent her upstairs after a bandage for my arm, and she returned just in time to see him rubbing his vile mixture into the abrasion he had made. Never had I seen her show such indignation, as she snatched me away from him, took me to her

room, and vigorously scrubbed my arm with hot soap suds and a brush, until I screamed for mercy. The Doctor's virus did not “take” and when Father came home he performed a proper vaccination.

The town of Osceola Mills is situated on the St. Croix River, as is Hudson, and derived the last part of its name from the fact that a sawmill and gristmill were situated on the banks of the river, near the steamboat landing. The mills have long since ceased to function, and, for many years, the town has been designated as Osceola, the “Mills” having been dropped upon the cessation of their industry. At the time of my first memories of the 20 place the juxtaposition of river, steamboat landing and mills made that locality an enchanting spot of never failing interest to the children. When the deep blast of a whistle proclaimed the approach of a steamer at the noon hour, as often happened, there was a general stampede of flying feet down the steep, winding road to the landing, and no amount of anticipated discipline could insure our return to school until the last passenger was landed, or taken aboard, and the incoming and outgoing merchandise transferred. The scenery is to this day very picturesque, and Osceola Cascades, whose waters tumble through a rocky, wooded glen into the river, are famous for their beauty.

At the time of which I write, a shawl hung on a hook behind every kitchen door, or in every entry. It was the universal outdoor garment for women. Nearly every family possessed at least two, one best shawl, for church and dress-up wear, and one which had seen better days for more informal use. Proud indeed was the woman who possessed a Paisley shawl for grand occasions, and an India shawl was almost a badge of royalty. At one time an India shawl was Queen Victoria's favorite wedding gift to her nieces and granddaughters.

I do not think the masculine name of coat was then applied to a woman's outside garment. There were cloaks and jackets, but mostly shawls. The shawls were woven of pure wool and dyed with honest dyes, so they withstood frequent washings, and served useful purposes until worn to tatters. Most of them were plaid shawls, some dark, some gay. The one most impressed upon my memory was a beautiful red and white even plaid. I

think mother brought it from the East on her return from the visit I have mentioned. Very old gentlemen sometimes wore dark plaid shawls, folded lengthwise and laid across the shoulders like a wide scarf. The “every 21 day shawl” was snatched from its hook and hastily flung over the head for the many out-of-door errands necessary for housewives in those days, and even for hasty errands to the village store during the morning hours, and for informal neighborly visits. “Throw your shawl over your head and run over any time,” was an invitation Lenroot to neighborliness. Many an Angel of Mercy or a mischievous old gossip flitted in such guise from home to home in the early evening hours. On frosty mornings children were bundled in shawls to be sent to school, the # shawl drawn over the head, two corners crossed in front, brought under the arms, and tied in a knot behind.

Another article of outdoor wear for winter was the “cloud,” a long, wide, knitted woolen scarf. A great deal of coquetry was indulged in by the red-cheeked, bright-eyed girls in the adjustment of the cloud. It might be bright red in color, or pink, or blue, or white. It was always puckered in at each end, and finished by a fluffy tassel. It was wound around the head two or three times, then around the neck several times, and the ends, with the swinging tassels, thrown jauntily over the shoulder. A fresh young face, framed in such fleecy fluffiness, was like a new-blown rose. When “cutter-riding” with one's best beau, in a red cutter drawn by a spirited horse with bells jingling, the two ends of the scarf floating out behind, one's head was in the clouds, sure enough! Later a less cumbersome affair, triangular in shape, called a “fascinator,” worn with or without a hat, took the place of the cloud. In summer straw “shakers”, trimmed and curtained in the back with gingham, and slat sunbonnets were worn. Also of course, for “best,” leghorn hats, and dear little bonnets tied under the chin.

One of the dearest and most lasting friendships we formed in Osceola was with Mr. and Mrs. Asachel Kimball, and their little daughter Nettie. In their family the cradle was needed, and was gladly loaned to them, to receive 22 their darling baby Jessie. But alas! her journey from the cradle to the grave was brief, and in that cradle she died of diphtheria. The cradle was then taken apart, and stored in the loft of the Kimball woodshed where

it remained for many years. It was shipped to Superior in 1892 to cradle the second daughter of the winter, little Dorothy Lenroot. It afterwards cradled the children of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Nichols of Superior, and at this writing is stored in their attic. Who will be its next occupant?

Becoming more and more weary of country hotel life, in the fall we went to board at a farmhouse about a half mile from the village. It was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walker, good, honest people who made us very comfortable. We had one large bedroom upstairs, we two little girls occupying a “trundle-bed”, the legs of which could be folded under so that it could be trundled under the large bed in the day-time. The new experience was a happy one for me. It was my first acquaintance with domestic animals, other than one cow and one dog. The sheep, and the yoke of oxen interested me greatly. When the deep snows came, Mr. Walker often allowed me to go with him on the ox-sled, to “break” the roads. It was great fun. On one occasion we went to the woodlot for a load of wood, with a sort of a skeleton sleigh, the long box having been removed from the crosspieces which were some distance apart. I was perched upon the rear crosspiece, and clung to the upright corner stake, but in going over a stump in the rough road I lost my hold and fell through. The thought that I was being run over terrified me, and I made no attempt to rise. “Gee, Buck!” “Haw, Star!” drowned my cries, and I was left behind, until the knowledge that I was entirely unhurt dawned upon me, and I scrambled up and soon overtook the slow moving team.



It is difficult to maintain a complete understanding between parent and child. As an instance of this, while we were at the Walker farm, dear father and I had a delightful game of snow-ball one winter afternoon. We pelted each other with the soft snow-balls to the accompaniment of much merry laughter. So great was the fun that I saw no reason why it should not be repeated, but alas! I chose a very inopportune time! The very next morning, my father being carefully dressed, and already in danger of being late at the session of Court over which he was to preside, bent over the wood-pile to gather an armful of

sticks for Mother's wood-box. My unsteady little arm took fearful aim, and a mass of wet snow descended on the back of his neck, and slid down his spine! As collars were firmly attached to shirts in those days, it meant for him a complete change of clothing, and for my offending head vials of wrath that stung all day.

The winter passed with only such trivial incidents to mark its going. I was so excited at finding chewing-gum growing on tamarack and spruce tress in the meadow that I would scarcely have been surprised to come across a candy-bearing tree in that enchanted ground. In fact, there were “sugar maples” near by.

Towards spring we moved to another farm, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Mears, and their daughter Lura, who was two or three years older than I. We made the move in order to be nearer a farm which my father had purchased, so that he could superintend its preparation for our occupancy. In the Mears home was a large parlor in which was an old-fashioned square piano. Over the piano hung a gaily colored print, entitled “Cherries Are Ripe,” depicting a plump child in a low-necked dress, her head coquettishly tuned to one side, while she hung over her ears tempting stems of brilliant red cherries. To me it was a masterpiece. What most impressed me was the 24 fact that Lura could perch upon the piano stool and to her own accompaniment sing that touching ballad, “I Love Thee! I Love Thee, Pass Under the Rod!” It was of a religious character, calculated to inspire a feeling of meek submission to all of life's woes, some of the most poignant of which were chronicled in the stanzas, and it was my melancholy pleasure to listen until moved to tears.

In April of that year we moved over to our own farm, about a mile away, and about two miles from the village of Osceola. I recall one interesting incident of the day on which we took possession of the farm. It was April, 1865. We were driving to our new home. Arriving at a little brook, father drove the horse into the stream to water him. As we waited a man came along on horseback, drew rein on the bridge, and beckoned to father. He drove through the stream, got out of the buggy and approached the man, who spoke a few words to him in a low, earnest voice. Father uttered an exclamation of dismay, and came back

and told mother the astounding news that Lincoln had been assassinated! So was that tremendous news transmitted to us, undoubtedly two or three days after its occurrence, as we had no telegraphic communication. The dreadful news permeated slowly by some such means as it came to us to the remotest parts of the country.

We rode on in silence. We little girls sensed the fact that calamity had overtaken our world. We were hushed by the sorrow in our parent's faces, and asked no questions. In sad silence we approached the farmhouse that was to be our home, an event which we had anticipated with tremendous excitement and curiosity. Arrived at the little home, father and mother made some pretence of arranging the household goods, but mother soon seated herself upon a bench outside the kitchen door, and tears

*Father, Mother, Clara and Bertha on the porch of the farm house in Osceola.*

25 ran down her face. Father came and sat beside her, wiping his own eyes, and took her hand in his. We children stood around, more and more impressed by their grief. Little was done towards settling the new home that day.

(In sharp contrast to the slow progress of the news Lincoln's assassination came the news of President Harding's death in 1923 to a rural camp in the midst of the pine forest. There a radio set had been installed. Mrs. Claude Luse, alone in her camp near Gordon, Wisconsin, children and maid in bed, was listening to a fine concert being radioed from the Drake Hotel in Chicago. A singer had just begun a solo. She had sung but a few notes when the music stopped and a voice said, “We have just had word that President Harding died in San Francisco ten minutes ago; stand by for confirmation.” In a few seconds the statement was confirmed. Mrs. Luse's neighbor, Mr. Gallaher, starting to town early the next morning, carried the news with him along the route.)

In due time we were settled at the farm, my father off at frequent intervals to attend court sessions, leaving a faithful, capable “hired man.” Peter, to attend to the work of the farm. Mother managed the house, aided by a farmer's sixteen-year-old daughter, Maggie.

My old friend, Mr. Walker, presented me with a beautiful ewe lamb, which, at father's suggestion, we christened “Queen Dido,”—I suspect because she cut up all sorts of didos. In familiar converse we left off the title, and I at once became familiar enough with Her Majesty to call her “Dido”. We became literally bosom friends, for a while she was enough I often carried her in my arms. she was as faithful as Mary's lamb, and I loved her dearly, but she would grow up, and in due time became a mother. Before leaving Osceola mother 26 and son were sold for three dollars each, and with that first money of our very own Bertha and I purchased a gift for our Mother.

Of the agricultural crops raised on our “forty acres cleared” I know nothing. They never impressed me, and I doubt if they were of much importance. But on the forty acres of woodland and meadow, through which a trout stream meandered, flourished many an intangible crop, harvested by an imaginative and lonely child, and preserved in memory's storehouse for the nurture and delight of her soul. I had the inestimable advantage of that dear and intimate acquaintance with Nature which comes to solitary childhood. I cannot tell how priceless are the memories of those golden days. Field, meadow, and woodland were all accessible. By way of a footbridge one crossed the trout stream which bordered the meadow, and was straightway in fairyland, a beautiful bit of hardwood forest where elm, maple, oak, butternut, basswood, ash, poplar, and doubtless others of the leafy brotherhood “dwelt together in unity.” After crossing the rich bottomland where occasional springs bubbled up, the stately trees stepped up a hillside where grew the earliest hepaticas and bloodroots. To push aside the moulding leaves and discover these dainty treasures was a dear delight. I knew always where the longest stemmed violets grew, the yellowest marsh marigolds, the laciest ferns, the deepest mosses, and the first pussy willows. When Father was at home, and allowed me to accompany him when he went to the woodlot with his ax, or fished for speckled trout in the brook, he was a delightful companion. From him I learned to know by name my familiar friends. He taught me the common names of the wild flowers, and of the trees. He taught me Bryant's “Forest Hymn” and Longfellow's “O, Gift of God! O, Perfect Day!” He gave me my first lesson in

*Clara and Bertha fishing in Bertha Rill Cascade, near farm in Osceola.*

27 conservation, rebuking me for filling my apron with my favorite flower, the wind anemonie, or pasque flower, those frail, wooly-stemmed, darlings of the sandy hillside, and wantonly flinging them away when wilted.

[ In the summer months we walked two miles to attend school in a little white schoolhouse near the banks of the St. Croix River. ] I do not remember much about the “book-larnin'” acquired there, but we became daily more skilled in woodland lore, swinging in grapevine swings, gathering hazelnuts, butternuts, strawberries, blueberries, black and red raspberries, each in their season, making bouquets of Indian pink, sweet William, monkshood, lady's-slipper, columbine, and wild rose; riding “horseback” on down-bent poplar saplings, making leafy arbors for playhouses, and doing many other delightful things. In the winter time the out-of-door joys were necessarily more restricted, but there were coasting, snowballing, and occasionally a ride on the wood-sled into the silent white forest after a load of wood. [ I remember one or two winter terms of school in the village of Osceola, to which I walked the lonely two miles entirely alone. I recall attending evening singing schools and writing schools, on which occasions I remained all night with my friend Eva Staples, afterwards Mrs. Henry Dyke. Her brothers, Charlie and Fred, had a habit of waking early in the morning and arousing the household by singing with a great gusto certain Civil War songs before they got out of bed. “In the Prison Cell I Sit,” “Marching Through Georgia,” “Tramp, Tramp, Tramp,” “Near the Old Plantation,” “High in the Belfry,” were some of their favorites. ]

The five years' difference in age between my little sister and me was sufficient to separate us often when we were young, especially as the conditions under which we lived led to an adventurous roving on my part to adjacent 28 woods and streams where her little feet could not always follow me, nor could she, at first, take the long walks to and from school. Mother being always busy, she was left much to herself, and she also acquired imaginary playmates. Two came to her, as to me, but with more prosaic names, Rosie Turn and

Mother Turn. She even gave them a local habitation, as well as a name, and they abode in a vague, but circumscribed locality “somewhere in the woodlot.” Bertha was an airy-fairy sprite of a child, sweet and lovable, full of fancies, and often she came skipping along toward home from her play, head tossing, eyes sparkling, lips moving, evidently holding lively converse with “Rosie” and her mother.

We none of us realized how vividly real they were to her, until father, who was going to the wood-lot to do some chopping, playfully asked her if she wished to go with him and call at the home of Rosie and her mother. The child was wild with delight, and there developed a situation difficult to handle. We found that she did not at all realize that those two lived only in her imagination, but that she believed in them and loved them, with all the strength of her being, and it was most difficult to explain to her that it was impossible to take her to their house, because no such beings existed. Still more difficult was it to assuage the tempest of grief that racked her. She must have lost much of her childish faith in things unseen on that sad day. She was probably five or six years old at the time.

Up to this point in these annals, quite unintentionally on the part of the writer, father stands out in bolder relief than mother, which is not fair to her or to us. Father was the more dominant figure in our lives. We loved him, and at the same stood in awe of him. A delightful companion when care-free, in more serious moments we dreaded his frown and shrank from his 29 criticism, I more than Bertha, I think, because I more often deserved criticism. Mother's gentle sweetness we took quite as a matter of course. A fuller appreciation of her ripened with the years. Always busy, always weary at the close of day, yet over responsive to the demands of her family, her church, and her neighbors, especially in time of trouble, she was greatly beloved. Dainty of appearance, lovely of countenance, with a musical laugh, she won friends wherever she went.

Many difficult emergencies came into her life which were met with courage. Father never quite realized all the burdens that he put upon her in his zeal to relieve the distress of others. While we were living on the farm, a minister was assigned to the Osceola church,

a man utterly inefficient in every relation in life. His advent occurred in January. His households goods were conveyed by means of horses and sleigh via the frozen surface of the St. Croix River. The team broke through the ice and the goods were immersed. They were recovered, water-soaked and practically ruined. Helpless and discouraged, the poor man with his wife and five young children arrived in town. Why the parsonage, or some sort of shelter was not ready for them, I do not know. Be that as it may, father took pity upon them, and the unfortunates found a refuge in our small home, wet goods and all. Sleeping accommodations were somehow arranged. There was an ailing, crying baby, a few months old. The oldest child was a mischievous, malicious, half-witted boy. The barrels and boxes of pitifully poor household-goods were opened, and their water-soaked contents—mostly rubbish—spread out in every available place to dry. Wet garments dangled from lines stretched in every room in the house, and various commodities were spread out on the boards everywhere. Mother endured this affliction for three weeks before another shelter could be found for them.

30

Mother's last days were her best days, even though she became an invalid, for in the sunny California home to which father took her late in life she had every comfort and was free from care. Her pioneer days were over, but whenever I think of her memory vividly recalls the many years of privation and hard work incidental to a pioneer environment. I did not at the time half appreciate her brave and cheerful industry. I am reminded of the lines by Clarence Hawkes:

TIRED HANDS

*“Folded they lie upon her tranquil breast, My Mother's tired hands, their labor done; knotted and scarred in battles they have won; Worn to the quick by Love's unkind behest. Pulseless they lie, while from the crimson West A flood of glory from the selling sun Shines on her face; I hear the deep “Well done!”— God's Angelus that calls her soul to rest. Found is the Holy Grail of knightly quest, Here, in her home, where such brave deeds were*

*done As knight ne' er saw since chivalry begun. She suffered, toiled, and died; God knows the rest, And if Christ's crown shines not above her cross, Then all is loss, immeasurable loss."*

All frugal housewives—and there were few others—saved every scrap of grease that accumulated from fall until spring. Ashes from the hardwood fires were likewise saved, and kept in a dry place. In the spring occurred 31 the annual soap boiling. The ashes were collected in a tight barrel, set upon a platform. Holes were bored near the bottom of the barrel. The platform was grooved. Rain water was poured into the ashes. The contrivance was called a leach and the process leaching. As the water percolated through the ashes it ran off through the holes near the bottom in the form of strong lye into a vat. Meanwhile in a large iron pot, over an outdoor fire, the accumulated grease was being melted, and the housewife knew in just what proportion to combine grease and lye, and how long to boil the mixture, in order to produce that slimy, brown, unpleasant substance, soft soap, which was the standard cleanser for unpainted pine floors and kitchen tables, and for many other purposes. Given a little gritty sand sprinkled over the pine surfaces, then an application of soft soap dripping from a scrubbing brush wielded with plenty of elbow-grease, and the result was marvelous. After a rinsing with clear water the surfaces emerged almost snow-white, the pride of the housewife's heart.

From some vague association with the properties of that cleansing material which is not very clear to me, arose that now obsolete expression of "soft-soaping" an individual, which meant beguiling one with insincere flattery. It is about as obvious perhaps as the application of the strange expletive "apple-sauce," just now current.

Surprise Parties and Donation Parties were popular social diversions. Any family might be the victim of a surprise party. it was considered an evidence of popularity to be so complimented. In reality it was the outcome of a community longing for social diversion that could find no other outlet. As a rule, the coming event was kindly allowed to cast its shadow before, upon the family to be honored, late in the day of the event. When father

32 came home one afternoon, and with a twinkle in his eye, announced that “we need not be surprised if we should be surprised,” we knew what to expect. We children were pleasurably excited, but father and mother were not wholly pleased, being brought up to consider “my home as my castle,” not be invaded by an uninvited horde. Nevertheless, they assumed the virtue of hospitality.

By the time the guests arrived they found the family not too conspiciously attired for company, and were greeted with well feigned amazement and a cordial welcome which soon become perfectly sincere. Baskets were brought in; the women overran kitchen and pantries; games were played before the bountiful supper was served. Charades, “Black Art,” “Magic Writing,” and as the fun grew more hilarious, “Blind Man's Buff” and “Pussy Wants a Corner” were indulged in. At the scandalously late hour of eleven o'clock the party broke up, with the general feeling that “a good time was had by all present.”

Ministers; families were usually the sole beneficiaries of “Donation Parties” except when some misfortune such as being burned out of house and home befell a neighbor. The “preacher” being about the most poorly paid individual in the community, and usually with a large family to support, welcomed the donation party with a thankful heart. On such occasions the guests brought not only supplies for the festive supper, but sacks of flour, hams, sausages, sugar, vegetables, in short, staple provisions of all sorts, and sometimes a small sum of money was collected and presented to “Mrs. Preacher.”

One fall a dreadful epidemic of dysentery raged for several weeks in the village and among the farmers. Dr. Gray was the only practitioner available, and utterly inadequate to the situation. Father had long depended upon 33 a case of homeopathic medicine and a “doctor book” for the treatment of his own family when any of us were ill. I was stricken with the disease, and was very ill for ten weeks, my life being at times despaired of, but father fought day and night at my bedside and saved me. I was ten years old then, and well remember his haggard face as he bent over my bed, and tenderly performed every service for me. On one occasion when he had almost given up hope and tears streamed

down his face as he looked at me, I was filled with amazement as I realized that he really loved me so much! That was sixty years ago, but the memory of his love and tender care at that time is still vivid, tender, and sacred.

Dear mother was also a ministering angel and a tender nurse whenever father could be persuaded to allow her to take his place, and she prepared the broths and brought the trays, and was busy in a thousand ways besides. Soon distracted neighbors were imploring father to prescribe for their stricken ones, and the short intervals away from my bedside, which should have been devoted to much needed rest, were often spent going from one bedside to another among his neighbors doing what he could for them, and undoubtedly saving lives. His only compensation was the knowledge of helpful service rendered, and the love and gratitude of his neighbors, many of whom bestowed upon him the title of “Dr. Clough” with tearfully affectionate playfulness.

One year—I think it was in 1866—there was a Fourth of July celebration at St. Croix Falls, about seven miles from Osceola, which was attended by people for miles around. Father was the orator of the day, and he and myself and the “hired girl” drove the distance with a neighbor in a farm wagon drawn by two doddering workhorses. Mother wisely preferred to stay at home. It was a great event in my young life and had been anticipated 34 with eagerness for weeks. Some relatives in the East had sent a “percale” dress, the pattern being blue stars enclosed in circles, on a white ground. Mother had made it over for me. There never could be a more appropriate Fourth of July costume, or a prouder wearer!

Arrived at St. Croix Falls, we found the usual accompaniments of such a celebration, a mediocre brass band—very wonderful to me—plenty of bunting, and noise. I have but the vaguest memory of father's part in the program. I never visited St. Croix Falls again until forty years afterwards when my husband was the Fourth of July orator, and we drove into town in an automobile. We were entertained at the home of Mr. Harry Baker, brother of Bay Stannard Baker, and nephew of Henry C. Baker of Hudson, my father's former law partner.

Osceola Mills was about forty miles from Hudson, and occasional trips were made back and forth. With the poor roads of those days, and one-horse vehicles, it was a good day's journey, the tiny hamlet of Somerset being about halfway. Here resided old New York State friends of my father and mother, General and Mrs. Samuel Harriman, and their little daughter “Maidie.” We sometimes broke our journey by staying overnight with them. On one occasion Mrs. Harriman and Maidie joined some mutual friends of ours from Hudson, and all came up to Osceola to make us a visit. As they arrived we rushed out to the gate to greet them, the elders being so absorbed in their salutations that for a moment the children were forgotten.

Some beehives, to which they were entirely unaccustomed, attracted their attention. They examined the cunning little “playhouses” with dire results. The angry bees swarmed out and attacked them viciously, stinging 35 them severely. Many bees became entangled in Maidie Harriman's long brown curls, and were extricated with difficulty. Piercing shrieks rent the air, and distracted mothers were at their wits' end. Mud was applied, a messenger was dispatched to the nearest neighbor a half a mile away for ammonia, and there was little sleep that night. The afflicted children were Allyn and Hattie Packard, of Hudson, and Maidie Harriman. In later years Maidie married Mr. Cordinio C. Severance, for years a member of the law firm of Davis, Kellogg and Severance, of St. Paul. She became internationally prominent on account of her social and philanthropic activities.

**SUPERIOR**

Father visited the Head of the Lakes twice each year to hold court, and became greatly interested in the future of Superior. It seemed to him, as to many others, that on account of its natural advantages it was destined to become a great commercial center as soon as the union of lake and rail should be consummated, and many match-making plans were on foot to hasten that all-important event. However, the bride and groom—Lake and Rail—

were destined to wait many long, weary years for their mating—tragic years for those who had based every wordly hope upon the fruits of that union.

It was in January, 1868, that we packed up our household belongings, loaded them upon a large sleigh, hiring a man to drive the two strong horses, placed ourselves in the two-seated cutter drawn by our dear black ponies, Albert and Victoria, and started on our five days journey through the pine forests for the Head of the Lake. Felix, our faithful black-and-tan shepherd dog, trotted alongside. The load of goods preceded us by half a day, stopping over night at the farm of the man who drove. There 36 we overtook them the next morning, to find that our load was top-heavy and unwieldy, and must be readjusted. In the final arrangement no place could be found for a certain kerosene lamp, and father presented it to the farmer's family. Forty years after, as my husband and I paid that memorable visit to St. Croix Falls, we met a daughter of that family, then grown to middle age, who recalled the incident, and said the “Judge Clough lamp” was still treasured in the family.

Overland travel, in spite of severe cold and deep snows, was much more comfortable in winter than in summer, when muddy roads were often almost impassible, when myriads of voracious mosquitos, and even more vicious deer flies swarmed on man and beast. Hence father's choice of mid-winter for our migration. We were blessed with delightful weather, the roads were good, not enough snowfall to impede us, and the mid-winter forests were like fairyland. No pen could describe the beauty of those pine woods, whether the trees were laden with snow, or sparkling with hoar-frost of a sunny morning.

Each day's ride would have been delightful had I not been so unfortunate as to develop diphtheria the second day out. Every day my discomfort from aching bones and sore throat was so great that Father said we would stay at the next stopping place until I recovered, but each evening we found the discomforts of the primitive lodging houses—stations they were called—so great that I begged to go on the next morning. Father was convinced that I had real diphtheria, but refrained from so pronouncing it at the stations at the same time

taking pains to keep me away from other travelers. He had his home-opathic medicine case, and administered remedies which, aided no doubt by the healthful ozone of the pine forests, 37 worked a cure, and when we arrived in Superior late in the afternoon of the fifth day I was practically well.

We drove to the Avery House, afterwards known as The Nicollet, and later The Kuykendahl House, on Second Street in Old Town, now East End. The house was kept at the time by Mr. and Mrs. Avery, and was fairly comfortable for those days. The verandas on the first and second floors afforded a fine view of the frozen, snow-covered expanse of Bay and Lake, and the fringe of Pines on Minnesota Point. A lovely view in summer, but I fancy it was a forlorn picture to my homesick mother.

As soon as possible we removed to our home in “Uppertown,” now Central park, which father had purchased and remodeled. It was known as the Connor house, and it is still occupied, and is a comfortable dwelling, having been remodeled several times. The William Kimball family have lived there, also the Herzogs, and I think that at this time it is occupied by Prof. Smith of the Normal School. At the time of our occupancy the Kimball home was on the front of the block, on Second, or Bay Street. In later years, Mr. Kimball and father traded properties, the Kimballs moving into our house, and we into theirs, making some additions to it, and altering it considerably. From that time on father and his family resided in that house as long as they remained in Superior, and many are the precious memories clustering around it. It no longer exists.

The ponies were sold almost immediately upon our arrival in Superior, and the next spring we parted very reluctantly with Felix.

We soon made the acquaintance of our new neighbors, and formed friendships that have endured to this day. There being no Baptist organization there at that time, we became affiliated with the First Presbyterian 38 Church, then housed in a small edifice on Third Street in Lower Town, East End. Its pastor at that time was the Rev. W. R. Higgins, from

Loganport, Indiana, the same town from which I. W. Gates came to Superior. Mr. Higgins was a scholarly, genial man, whose friendship was much prized by my father. Golf was not played in the United States at that time, at least not in our part of the country, but these two played many a game of croquet together, facetiously calling it “Presbyterian Billiards.”

I am anticipating events somewhat, but memory does not always conform to a strict chronological order, when she weaves her reminiscences. An incident occurred on the first New Year's Day we spent in Superior that made an indelible impression upon us. Chippewa Indians were no novelty in town at that time, peaceable and friendly, unless under the influence of too much “fire water” and even then not as objectionable as some white men in like condition. The very name “Indian” was a terror to us, however, as we had never seen any until we went to Superior. Mrs. Kimball had told us that it was the custom of the Indians to make New Year's calls upon their white neighbors, expecting to receive gifts of food and tobacca, but we had not taken her seriously. Father was absent, holding court at some distant county seat. On New Year's Day we saw six stalwart Indians approaching the house in single file! A majestic old chief stalked ahead, his blanket wrapped about him, his hair dressed in long black braids bound with red ribbons, and he wore about his neck, suspended by a broad blue ribbon, a large silver medal which had been presented to him by The Government at Washington for some service rendered to the whites. That symbol of course, had we known its history, should have been his patent of nobility for us, but we only sensed the fact that six Indians were actually upon us.



Mother and little Bertha were terrified, and were for locking the door and hiding, but to me it seemed wiser to admit them than to incur their displeasure, and I was quite thrilled by the adventure. When they knocked we opened the door, and exchanged the greetings we had already learned of “Boo jou Nitchie”—a corruption of “Bon Jour” picked up from the French traders, “Nitchie” being Chippewa for friend. We seated them in chairs ranged around the kitchen wall. One of them carried an empty flour sack, of which we at once grasped the significance. Mother had that morning friend a batch of doughnuts, and we

emptied the entire batch into the sack, adding apples from the apple barrel down cellar to fill it. They each had a pipe which I filled from father's tobacco box, and furnished matches with which to light them. Many were the gratified nods and gutteral grunts of satisfaction, and the kitchen was soon blue with smoke, but after a few putt of those peace pipes they took their departure, gravely stalking away in single file as they had come, and thus ended an episode that furnished a thrilling theme for our next letter to Eastern relatives.

There were many delightful coasting-places near us, for not yet had the valleys been exalted and the little hills brought low, by filling and grading. The red sled was soon as great a favorite on the hill as it had been in Osceola, and many were the happy hours of healthful pleasure it afforded.

The “Slough” now almost obliterated, and crossed and re-crossed by unsightly sewers, was the a inlet from the Bay of considerable size, extending in ever narrowing width almost up to the home of I. W. Gates. It was navigable for rowboats for several blocks. Our own boathouse was at the foot of Third Street, near the Decimval residence, across from the Lincoln School.



Beyond the first two blocks it banks were covered with charming woodland growth, popular and birch, mountain ash, pine, and wild cherry trees clothed its banks, and under foot grew twin-flowers, bunch berries, mosses,ferns, and other lovely things. A large pine tree had fallen across a narrow place towards the upper end, furnishing a bridge which we children crossed daily as we took the delightful walk from our house to Mr. Gates' for milk.

In winter the slough froze early, and afforded the first safe opportunity for skating. Then the air was merry with the ringing strokes of steel on ice, and the shouts and laughter of happy boys and girls. On moonlight nights the fun was at its height. No amount of cold daunted us. Occasionally the entire Bay froze over almost without a ripple to mar its glassy surface. Then, so long as the snow held off, what glorious fun! Bonfires blazed on the shore, and

sometime on Minnesota Point as well. I shall always believe that skating in the open air, especially on a moonlight night, is the most glorious sport in the world, and it is one of my most delightful memories. To skim over the ice, two by two, hands crossed, with swift sure strokes, is like flying! It quickens my old blood to think of it.

Superior Bay afforded us pleasure and exercise in summer as well as winter, as we rowed upon its waters, sometimes to the measure of *“Lightly row, lightly row, O'er the glassy waves we go.”*

Nearly every family owned a rowboat, and boys and girl learned to handle oars skillfully. Sailing was also enjoyed, but being attended with more danger it was not encouraged by our parents. Father had a rowboat built

*Mr. and Mrs. William Kimball.*

41 to order especially for the use of my sister and myself, but so anxious was he to have it as safe as possible, that the result was a heavy, clumsy affair, requiring almost a man's strength to manage it and, it was no more seaworthy than the lighter and more graceful craft of later years. We used long, heavy straight oars, the “spoon oars” not being common at that time. In spite of handicaps, my sister and I learned to handle each a pair of oars, to keep stroke, to feather the oars, back water, and to handle the clumsy old craft very well.

On one lovely summer morning the placid waters of the Bay were so inviting that father proposed a picnic on Minnesota Point, a mile or more across the water. We hastily put up a lunch, invited Miss Frank Greeley, a neighbor, to join us, and set forth. The party consisted of Grandfather Clough, father, mother, Bertha, Frank Greeley and myself—six in all, by which you can judge somewhat of the size of the boat. “Merrily we rowed along” on the way over, and spent a happy day under the pines, unmindful of the fact that a strong Northwest breeze had sprung up, and was sweeping down the seven mile length of the Bay, high waves rolling menacingly. We did not realize the force of the gale when we first set out for home, as we were in the lee of the Point, but we had not gone far before we

were in real peril. Father, who handled the one pair of oars, was not of strong muscle, and the situation was too much for him. He soon “caught a crab”,—let the oar-blades slip, —and the shock threw him backward with his heels in the air. Before he could recover himself we were in the trough of the waves, and in real danger. I think Mother prayed. Frank Greeley sat in the stern, exposed to the full fury of the wind. Her long hair came down, she was drenched through with spray, greatly terrified, and constantly screamed, “O, let me get out! Let me get out!” The 42 first time she said it I laughed. Mother said: “This is no time to laugh when we may all be at the bottom of the Bay in the next minute.”

Fortunately we drifted against a channel-stake set to mark the channel for steamer,—and father clung to that. How long we would have been safe in that position, I do not know, but we saw another boat putting out from the Point, with a Crew of robust young boys in their “teens”, good seamen all, and hailed them. They came to our rescue, and John Bertrand made the difficult transfer to our boat, picked up the oars, and with apparent ease swung around into our true course and rowed us safely home. But for him six of us might have found watery graves that day.

Perhaps the two families most closely associated with us as friends and neighbors were those of William Kimball and I. W. Gates. The former, being our nearest neighbors, we saw many times daily. Since the children of that family were considerably younger than I, I particularly enjoyed the companionship of Mrs. Kimball. Although several years older than I, she was still a young woman, and she possessed to the last day of her life a remarkable understanding of, and sympathy for, young people, and easily won their confidence.

H. M. Peyton, for many years of Duluth, but then a resident of “Old Town” Superior, had been a warn friend of Father's before either of them came West, and had also lived in Hudson while we resided there. Naturally, intercourse between the two families was resumed, but so great was the distance between our two houses that we children did not get very well acquainted. Col. Hiram Hayes and his wife were also very warm friends of ours almost from the first.

*Edna and Bertha Kimball (the latter now Mrs. McCansland).*

43

Louise Perry, daughter of George Perry, was my only intimate chum from Lowertown. She is now Mrs. George Chapman of Minneapolis.

H. M. Peyton and William Kimball were partners in the lumber and sawmill business, and during the summer the Kimball family resided near the mill, at the end of Connor's Point. At least once during the summer season a few of us young girls made a pilgrimage to Mrs. Kimball's hospitable home, had supper, and in the early twilight took the return walk home, or were rowed down the bay by our boy friends who in summer found employment at the mill. Of these I remember John C. Bertrand, at one time head sawyer, George Webster, and Joe Prince. Of my girl companions on such expeditions I recall Julia and Belle Calverly, and Jessie Myers. It was quite the treat of the summer for us.

All the territory between the home of Vincent Roy—now the site of the gas plant near the corner of Second and Winter Streets—and the mill was enchanted ground. A narrow, sandy road wound among the pines and a foot-path which crossed and re-crossed the road, enticed our loitering feet. There was the beauty of our northern flora along our way, harebells, twinflowers, winter-greens, arbutus, and blueberries. Once on a time young Romance must have walked that way, for down in a little dell was a pine tree upon whose bark was carved a heart framing two sets of initials.

Jessie Meyer and I once took the long walk to the end of Connor's Point alone. We were not aware of any danger. Tramps were unknown, but we forgot, or did not know that it was the time of the annual pilgrimage of many Indians from far and near to the Lake Vermillion Reservation to receive their government supplies. We had gone about half the distance when we were suddenly 44 confronted with a large, dirty tent erected across the road, blocking our way completely. It was occupied by Indians who had imbibed too much firewater in their progress through town, and some of them lay at full length on the

ground inside the tent, heads thrust under the canvas, leering at us most unpleasantly. Their canoes were drawn up on shore. We were afraid to turn around and go back—afraid of that terrible feeling of being stealthily followed. It requires less courage to face a danger than to turn one's back. We skirted the tent through the woods, and were not molested. “The boys” rowed us hom that night.

As in every community there were some unique character. One such was Emerson Chase, sometimes called “Old Chase”, with a disrespect which he did not wholly deserve. A worthy tribute to him has come to hand since the publication of these stories in *The Wisconsin Magazine,* and to atone for my somewhat confused memory of him, which to my great regret I now realize did not do him justice, I quote from it. It is from the pen of A. H. Bertrand, now living in Denver, Colorado.

“Emerson Chase. Memory rose like a wind, and blew through the leaves of those years when you mentioned that name in Long, Long Ago. Of him is one of my first impressions of personality and character. To my boyish imagination his name had the ring of grandiose and lofty lineage, and with such a heritage he should have been the peer of those New Englanders whose names have been enshrined in the halls of fame for all time. In stead of that, he is only remembered by those who knew him as a woodsman, and a perennial driver of an ox team along the logging roads that supplied Howard's Pocket and the Wisconsin shores of the St. Louis River with saw logs for the mills on Connor's Point.

*Byron and Mamie Kimball (the latter afterwards Mrs. Bond).*



“The presence of Chase generally vouched for a yoke of oxen not very far away. On the logging road he and his oxen were always on terms of loyal friendship and intimate relations. He whoaed, hawed and geed them in tones of kindness and affection, always speaking with that quaint drawling accent that definitely proclaimed him from the State of Maine. He never tolerated a steel spur on the end of his Alder stick. It was a waving wand

of magic guidance, and not a prodding instrument of torture. He always moved along in their steady, swaying gait, and he musingly followed close to the nigh side of Buck and Star, subconsciously contemplating their toils from an alarming proximity, the log sled threatening his heels with its ponderous load."

The above is a picturesque description of the Woodsman in his prime, but later on in life, at the time I knew him, old age was creeping upon the lonely old bachelor, living by himself in a shack near us, and he had lost some of his dignity. More and more frequently he solaced his lonely hours with strong drink, and the neighbors were concerned about him. Mother was famous for her delicious pies, and often sent him one, or a loaf of bread.

Many times father, coming home from town in the evening, helped him stumble home, though it was not a pleasant task, and sometimes rescued him from a snow drift, where, if left alone, he would certainly have perished before morning. Once father took occasion to admonish him, and to try to arouse his pride and ambition by rather rosy promises of how happy and prosperous he might become if he would let liquor alone. He did not seem much impressed, but the next time he encountered father he buttonholed him and tipsily argued with him in this fashion:



"Shay! Jedge, you—you know ye lied to me tother day! Y-yes ye did, Jedge, 'n I never knew ye to lie before!"

"How did I lie to you, Chase!"

"We-l-l, ye see, Jedge, it was this way! Y'know y' told me if I'd stop drinkin' I could maybe marry th' bes' woman in this town, n-now didn't ye, Jedge?"

"Perhaps I did, and why couldn't you?"

“Now, Jedge, ye know I couldn't marry th' bes' woman in this town nohow—not ‘less you died first, Jedge! Not ‘less you died first!”

There was occasionally a four-footed character worthy of note. Mr. Gates had a pony named “Jim,” very well known about town. He had a shaggy mane and a long lock hanging over his forehead which he often tossed out of his eyes with an impatient gesture quite equal to the grand air of a Paderewski. Sturdy of build, quick of step. drawing behind him with equal good will a “buggy” in summer or a sleigh in winter, he was in his own proper person quite a character. There was a dignity about him which seemed to indicate that he understood the importance of conveying the Gates family to and from church, Sunday school, and prayer meeting. He was always referred to as “Jim Gates.” He rightly belongs to these pages. His right flank bore the letters “U. S.” branded upon it, proof that he once belonged to the United States Army, and it was he who carried the message—or the messenger—of the New Ulm Indian Massacre to Mankato. He died at the ripe age of thirty-two years.

There were forest fires then as now, and Superior was the only settlement of note directly in the path of those terrible conflagrations. One morning Mother boarded Capt. James Edwards's ferry and went to Duluth to spend 47 the day with her friend, Mrs. Peyton. The morning's breeze soon freshened to a stiff gale from the southwest. Menacing clouds of smoke rolled towards the town. The forest wilderness back of us was in flames, and the violent wind brought them nearer the village every moment. There was, as always in such fires, a vicious circle of cause and effect. The wind fanned the flames and the heat increased the force of the gale. In an incredibly short time the smoke was stifling, blinding, and ashes and cinders were falling around us. Every able bodied man turned out to fight fire, for our homes were in danger. Mr. Gates, whose home was perhaps nearer the forest than any, fought desperately, and was ill from overexertion for several days. Many moved all their household belongings to the Bay shore, ready to be transported to Minnesota Point in row boats.

Meanwhile my agonized mother watched the flames and the billows of smoke from the windows of the Peyton house, then on the hillside towards the west end of Duluth. The ferry had ceased to run on account of heavy seas and smoke-obscured vision, and there was no way for her to return to her home and children. Father was absent, and our house, and perhaps our lives were in danger. Burning cinders were falling upon the dry roof. Mrs. Kimball's half-brother, George Webster, then a young lad, was on hand to protect his sister's house and ours. By means of ladders he kept wet carpets, gunny sacks, old blankets, anything that would serve, on the roofs. Alternating between the two houses, working like a beaver, he was obliged at intervals to rest in the lee of the house, and bathe his smarting eyes. We two little girls, following the example of our neighbors spread sheets upon the floor, placed all household goods that we could possibly so dispose of upon the and tied the four 48 corners together, ready for transportation to a place of safety, if one could be found.

Mother endured her suspense until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when the wind subsided somewhat, and she chartered a tugboat to bring her across the Bay. She had suffered more than we, for we were in the midst of an exciting adventure, while she was obliged to look on from a distance upon a catastrophe that threatened to destroy us. The wind died down completely at sunset, rain came during the night, and the town was saved with the exception of one or two unimportant shacks, but it was at the cost of heroic effort by every man and boy in town, and many felt seriously the strain of the conflict long afterwards, notably Mr. Gates.

There were peculiar manifestations during these forest fires. The air became heated to an intense degree, which would have been hard to bear but for the violent winds which accompanied them. “Pockets” of gas seemed to form long distances ahead of the actual fire, and the flames would sometimes leap from one such pocket to another, when the very air would seem to burst into spontaneous combustion, with something of an explosion. Many places, ordinarily wet and swampy, became reservoirs of combustible peat, and

small flames would suddenly burst from the earth days after the main conflagration had been subdued. Unless carefully watched, such places became danger spots in case of rising winds.

There was one such place about two blocks from us, an area of low land about the size of a city block in extent, covered with evergreen shrubs, and spaghnum moss, wet and spongy to the tread in ordinary times. The intense heat of the big fire dried up every bit of moisture, and for fully three weeks afterwards flames would suddenly 49 appear here and there as though kindled by some underground power. Victor Decimval, who lived just beyond us, and owned a team of horses and a wagon, hauled an incredible number of hogsheads of water and poured it upon the thirsty earth before the menace ceased. When the wind rose at night father would get up and look out of the window, and if he saw tongues of flame flickering from the ground he aroused Mr. Decimval in the dead of night, and helped him carry water to the spot. So did the pioneers of Superior preserve their homes from forest fires.

There were other ordeals to be gone through. There was sickness to be fought without nurse or doctor. Father once set out upon an official journey to be gone six weeks. Deep snows blocked the roads, making travel very difficult. Soon the snow might melt, making the roads still worse; hence we did not expect to be able to communicate with him during his absence. Soon after his departure Mother was taken very ill with pneumonia. There was no one to care for her, and to keep house, but my sister and myself, two young girls, entirely inexperienced in sickness. We did not at first know the nature of the disease, nor realize how ill she was. By comparing her condition with the symptoms described in the old family medicine book we made a diagnosis, and with the little case of remedies we battled for her life. We gave the prescribed remedies and nursed her as tenderly as we knew how. As the disease progressed she grew alarmingly weak. At last, at that awful hour before dawn, when Death seems most prone to snatch his victims, we became desperate, and decided that we must get help. Again George Webster came to our rescue. Bertha went to

Mrs. Kimball's at four o'clock in the morning, when he was routed out of bed and sent over to the Gates home 50 to see if we might borrow “Jim”—the pony—and the cutter.

It was then late in March. There had been a thaw, and the ice on the bay was not very safe, but get across to Duluth someone must, to consult the only physician within reach, Dr. McCormick. Mr. Gates, willing to make almost any personal sacrifice for a neighbor in trouble, hesitated to take the responsibility of sending anyone across the treacherous ice, but finally entrusted “Jim” and the cutter to George Webster, who made the dangerous journey, bringing back with him the equally brave physician. It meant four trips across seven miles of weakening ice to get the doctor there and back. That was the only visit from a doctor during the long and dangerous illness, yet we saved our precious mother.

There being no professional nurses available, neighbor cared for neighbor in times of serious illness, when the members of the family became exhausted, taking turns in “sitting up” with the sick. Often young girls in their “teens” volunteered for such services, usually two going together. I remember “sitting up” with sick neighbors several times, with Mary Ann or Francis Langley, aunts of Professor Thorpe Langley, now of the Teacher's College of Superior.

Occasional visits from our Eastern relatives were great events in our family. At one time, in early June, Mother's two sisters, Mrs. Kenyon and Mrs. Perry, from Syracuse, New York, came to see us. They were accustomed to every convenience and luxury. They came up on the steamer “Keewenaw,” landing at Quebec Pier, Old Town, at ten o'clock of a dark, rainy night. The distance to our house was two and a half miles. The night was pitch dark, the streets entirely unlighted. The streets were not paved, and the road was a mass of sticky

*The writer's father and mother at about the time of this visit.*

51 red clay. The only conveyance obtainable was the one-horse open wagon belonging to Thomas Garrity, who kept a “butcher shop.” Into that rude, open vehicle Father assisted

our fastidious guests. Their trunks were placed in the back, and they made the tedious, jolting journey at a snail's pace, through mud and rain, arriving at the house about midnight.

They were to return on the next trip of the Keewenaw, in two weeks time, and the perverse fates decreed that the northeast weather should continue; the sun did not shine once until the day of their departure, and it rained much of the time.

They were “good sports,” they loved my mother, and they sewed, making for Mother and for each of us little girls dresses from material they had brought, that were in the latest New York style. Mine was of pink and white striped mohair, with two narrow bias ruffles around the bottom, and the costume was completed by a black alpaca overskirt, trimmed with a ruffle and looped up on the sides. A flat Leghorn hat with long streamers was worn with it.

On the day of their departure the sun shone for the first time. Not relishing the idea of another ride in the butcher's cart over the awful roads, they chose to walk down to the pier, and the family accompanied them. We girls were allowed to wear our new dresses and hats. Arriving at the boat we found Peter E. Bradshaw bidding good-bye to his bride, who was going to Boston to visit his relatives, and incidentally to perfect herself in the arts of Boston cooking, which she did so successfully that her table was noted for its delicious food.

I had never been on a large steamer before, and as the elders lost sight of me in greeting the Bradshaws, I found myself mounting the grand stairway which led to 52 the cabin, alone, the others having gone ahead of me. As I approached the landing where the stairway divided, I saw a little girl advancing towards me, so prettily and stylishly dressed that I was fascinated, and at the same time overcome by bashful self-consciousness. I sidled diffidently away from her, and to my surprise she did the same. After two or three maneuvers of that kind I realized that I was facing a large mirror which filled the entire

space at the head of the landing, and the dazzling vision was but a reflection of my own glory!

As we grew older we entered by degrees into what social life the town afforded, and in time had our beaux, with whom we skated in winter and picnicked in summer. Walking two miles to the post office for mail, which was distributed about 5:30 P. M., was a favorite diversion, and choir practice and prayer meetings were delightful indoor sports. I do not wish to indicate any disrespect to either of those time-honored institutions, but any excuse for gatherings of young people was welcome and we received no less of good from such occasions because we extracted from them some measure of enjoyable sociability.

It is astonishing from what simple factors young and old achieved a contented enjoyment. Although many miles from an apple-growing region, that fruit played no small part in our social intercourse with our neighbors. We did not but apples by the pound, but by the barrel, at prices averaging, I should say, about three dollars and a half a barrel. When the fall shipments of apples arrived, men went to store or warehouse and carefully made their winter's selection. For people of our means no less than six and sometimes more, barrels of apples were stored in the cellar.



Perhaps our family exchanged evening visits with Mr. and Mrs. Gates more often than with any other. On such occasions the host repaired to the cellar quite early in the evening, returning with a large dish of an assortment of New York State apples such as we do not see nowadays, and if any approximate them in excellence their price is at least at the rate of four for a quarter. Upon the appearance of the dish of apples Mr. Gates and father settled down to an enjoyable discussion of the merits of different varieties, the kinds with which each cellar was stocked, and conversation took on the delicious suggestiveness of Tomkins County King, Northern Spy, Wine Sap, Talman's Sweets, Pound Sweetings, Golden Russets, and many others varieties. As they pared, and tasted and talked, I

am sure they derived as much pleasure from it as do many epicures in discussing and sampling the contents of their wine cellars.

Wild berries were abundant, furnishing a delicious addition to our larders. To the hardy youngsters of that day the gathering of them was great sport. Blueberry bushes yielded their fruit more graciously than any others, often to be found in dry, open spaces under the pine trees. In good years, when the crop was abundant, the great purple berries grew in large, compact clusters, each berry covered with a soft “bloom”, rivalling that of the peach. We used to say they were “as big as grapes”, which perhaps was something of an exaggeration. What fun to strip the cluster from the stem, and what rivalry as to who could first gather a quart! We had to row across the Bay to Minnesota Point to find them, which added to the pleasure of the adventure.

I know not what inherited instinct makes those of us born to that particular joy, rejoice in the wild scramble for Nature's bounty, unless it be the grasp for as much 54 of a good thing as may be had for nothing. A good berry-picker is born, not made. A pail filled quickly, joyously with clean fruit is such a one's reward. The unwilling plodder always brings home green fruit, leaves, bits of sticks, with a small residue of edible fruit that must be salvaged by a tedious process of “looking over”.

It takes an aggressive picker to conquer a wild raspberry patch. Growing most abundantly in old slashings and burnings, or on the sides of steep ravines, one must plunge boldly through briar and bramble, never minding scratches, often trusting for a foot-hold to treacherous rotten logs which give way beneath one, and with as much gentleness as possible under the circumstances detach the jewel-like “cap” or berry from the small white “nub” on which it rested, and step carefully on the homeward way, that the spoils of conflict may not “settle” to a disappointing level in the once-filled pail. A fine patch of raspberries once grew not far from the present junction of Bay and Winter Streets, back of the old home of Charles Felt, not easy of access, but to be found by those “in the know”. We sometimes went with the Bertrands and other neighbors to that spot, and great was our

reward. To stop at the Bertrands on the way home for a lunch of bread and butter, fresh berries and cream, was no small part of that reward.

But O, a wild strawberry patch in a good season! That luscious wild fruit beloved of poets and epicures! When timely rains have swelled the fruit just before hot suns ripen it to its crimson perfection, when it abundantly covers wide, grass-grown spaces, and when clusters of large berries nod on long stems, trying to hide in the tall grass, or in the shade of low bushes, then true sport is in the making!

55

When Henry Decimval hitched his black horses onto the lumber wagon, his mother and Mrs. Kimball and her girls, Bertha and I piled in, with plenty of pails and plenty of lunch, we went lumbering and jolting through town on the dirt roads, and across the Nemadji River to a spot somewhere in the vicinity of the outskirts of the present suburb of Allouez. I remember one such excursion. We found a large patch where fine berries grew in profusion. One must bring an humble attitude to the gathering of wild strawberries. True harvesters of the fruit soon abandon themselves entirely to the necessary postures. Browning says: “A man's reach must exceed his grasp, else what's a Heaven for?” and in seeking fine berries, do not scorn a prone position, which allows of the utmost reach of arms and seeking hands. Lift each berry swiftly, but gently, from its hull as you pick it, otherwise an endless task of “hulling” awaits you at home. Your neighbor may exult over a pail filled before the bottom of yours is deeply covered, but by the time leaves, stems and green fruit are discarded yours will be the better showing.

On the day to which I have referred, sudden showers drenched us, but succeeding sunshine dried us. On arriving home we displayed our full pails with pride, and Mother made a delicious wild strawberry short-cake for supper while we “washed up”.

Those happy days of adventure added to the supply of preserves, jams and jellies on the pantry shelves, and were welcome additions to our tables during the winter months.

No chronicle of Superior in the period of which I write would be complete without a somewhat extended tribute to Mr. I. W. Gates, as The Beloved Teacher. In 1923 I was asked to prepare such a tribute to be read 56 before the Head of the Lakes Old Settlers Association and what follows is a condensation of that paper:

In the days of which I speak all Superior was divided into three parts, Lowertown, Middletown, and Uppertown, the combined population at its lowest ebb not being over five hundred. Uppertown was the home of I. W. Gates, and the location of the school to which he gave his longest continuous service. He was the backbone and the mainspring of the First Presbyterian Church and Sunday School at Lowertown. He was an ideal neighbor and a true friend, and in his kindliness towards all he knew no distinction of race, or creed, or of worldly advantage.

Those of us whose memory goes back to the days of 1869 and the years immediately following, are becoming few in number. I wish I had the power to visualize in a few words the physical aspect of the town as it then was. It was a mere string along the edge of a vast forest, stretching along the shores of the Bay. One end of the string was near the mouth of the Nemadji River, the other end in the vicinity of the corner of Second and Winter Streets. Imagine a knot tied in the string about where the new East End High School is now located, and all below that was known as Lowertown. Tie another knot at Division Avenue and between the knots lay Middletown. Beyond Middletown was Uppertown, the part of the string which tapered to a slender end, and had comparatively few residences upon it. A few people lived back towards the woods at intervals all along the line. Mr. Gate's home was the farthest back, and occupied a cultivated clearing several acres in extent. The residences of his two sons and one daughter in Superior are on the original homestead. Duluth was a smaller settlement. St. Paul was the nearest railroad point, for years. Intercourse with the outside world was by way 57 of the lake during the season of navigation, and by way of a stage route to St. Paul through the snow-drifts of winter. Such was the setting of the labors of a man of humble means, whose influence has

survived to this day, and will continue in ever widening circles. For fourteen consecutive years he taught in Uppertown, now Central Park, most of that time in a building which occupied the site of the present Lincoln School building.

Perhaps his chief characteristics were optimism and enthusiasm. He hoped and believed all good things of and for his pupils, and knew no such word as fail. He was “called” to teach. His interest never slackened; his enthusiasm never waned. He entered the schoolhouse each morning with a firm, elastic step, rapped with his ruler upon the desk, and instantly we were alert and attentive. After roll call he read a chapter from the Bible. Stepping forward, he began the morning prayer invariably with the words “Kind, Heavenly Father,” in a tone of vice so confident as to leave no doubt in our minds that God was indeed his father and ours. Then came a half hour of song. He made much of music, especially of singing.

At first there was no instrumental accompaniment, only the tuning fork with which he gave us the pitch. Then a melodeon was obtained, and later a cabinet organ. In providing for these accompaniments he encouraged many a faint-hearted tyro in instrumental music, myself among the number, allowing no “I can'ts” to stand in the way of our endeavors.

His faith in the power of song was great, and his faculty for teaching his pupils to read vocal music at sight unusual. Many times when things were not going quite smoothly, the books were laid aside, and from the “Song Garden” we sang “Lofty Mountain,” “Flowers, 58 Wildwood Flowers,” “Grand Old Oak,” or any one of many other songs which survive in our memory.

He made of the schoolhouse a true social center years before other educators had dreamed of so using it. What was really a “Parent-Teacher-Pupil” Thanksgiving supper was an annual even for years. A program of song, recitation, and dialogue was prepared, and old and young flocked to the school-house at an early evening hour, each family donating a basket of good things to eat. All were on a perfectly equal footing. A prayer

was said, the songs were sung, the program given, the picnic supper eaten, and we parted with mutual affection, good will and esteem, which was of untold value in every home represented. Those among us who were sad, or weary, or discouraged, or who were homesick, as so many must have been for the far-away Scandinavian lands of their birth, were cheered and comforted. An influence went out from those gatherings that was invaluable in cementing friendship among those who dwelt in our small, isolated world, cut off from all social advantages except such as we made for ourselves in some such way.

Christmas Eve was often celebrated by a community Christmas tree in the schoolhouse. Church services were frequently held there. In all these activities Mr. Gates took the initiative.

There were no grades in our school except for the partial division of the younger children from the older ones upon the completion of the two-story building which preceded the present Lincoln School building. At that time Mrs. A. C. Brown was installed in the lower room to teach the younger children. She was a woman of heroic devotion to duty, often wading through deep snows as she traveled the long distance between her home and her work.

*The School House.*

59

The morning exercises were shared in common, the younger children marching upstairs to join in them, thus coming under direct influence of Mr. Gates.

There being no high school at that time, Mr. Gates inaugurated a very broad curriculum. In addition to the usual subjects that would naturally be taken up in such a school, there were classes in physical geography, natural philosophy—now called physics—physiology, chemistry, without, of course, any paraphernalia for experiments and analysis, higher

arithmetic, plane and solid geometry, advanced algebra, surveying, Latin, and in short most of the subjects that are now taught in an accredited high school.

We issued monthly a school paper called “The Literary Enterprise,” the motto of which was “Soar not too high, to fall, but stoop, to rise.” Every one was encouraged to contribute, even the youngest. We older ones took turns as editors. The paper was read aloud by the editor on Friday afternoon.

Such were some of the activities carried on in Mr. Gates' School. A mere recital of them cannot give an adequate idea of the inspiring personality of the man, or of the wonderful influence he exerted over the lives and characters of his pupils. So great was his patience and forbearance that we must admit he did not always keep perfect order, but at the point where forbearance ceased to be a virtue a frown that could be as terrible as Jove's, accompanied by a vigorous stamp of the foot, brought us all to time. He loved us all, and great was his spirit of forgiveness. He never lost interest in us. While I was attending the University of Wisconsin I united with the Congregational Church. Mr. Gates promptly wrote me a letter, beginning with a quotation from one of John's Epistles: “I have no greater joy than to know that my children walk in truth.” One of his pupils, Miss 60 Belle Calverley, who taught forty years or more in Duluth with marked success pays him this tribute through her sister, writing for her during her absence:

“In her long service along educational lines it has been her lot to meet many whose names stand high on the list of famous teachers, but I speak advisedly when I say that not one ever seemed to her to be worthy of a place beside the one whose life stood out as that of a great teacher, whose pupils, to the day of their passing on, will ever know, revere, and love the memory of I. W. Gates.”

Another former pupil, Miss Palmer, also now of Duluth, wrote to my husband after hearing him deliver a political speech. Among other things, she says:

“But mostly I thought of you as the pupil of Mr. Gates, that perfect type of Christian gentleman divinely called to train youth in habits of right thinking always. I speak his name with reverence.”

I cannot leave this subject without a tribute to Mrs. Gates, his devoted wife. She was a true helpmate in every sense of the word; beloved by all, a cultured, Christian woman, whose children rise up and call her blessed.

In summing up, I may say that of the forty years, Mr. Gates lived among us, each day counted for good. He died twenty-five years ago, (written in 1923) at the age of 76, hence would have been 101 years old had he lived until now (1923). As his first experience in teaching was at the age of 16 years it is but fair to say that he has exerted an influence for good for nearly a century, and the end is not yet, for our children and children's children shall reap the benefit of the ideals which he implanted in our hearts. Like the light from a defunct star, whose rays find their way through incredible distance to our earth, ages after it has become extinct, so do the spirits of some men live on. Such a man was Mr. Gates.

*Mr and Mrs. Gates.*

61

*“To live with fame The Gods allow to many, but to die With equal luster is a blessing Heaven Selects from all her choicest boons of Fate, And with a sparing hand on few bestows.”*

Having mentioned Mrs. Gates, I am reminded of other mothers in that community who should be gratefully remembered, for they were a noble group, bearing with cheerful fortitude the hardships and privations of pioneer life. To call all such by name would make too long a roster, but truly they are written in the Book of Life in living characters of those who came after them, and their works do follow them. I am impelled to mention two or three, not that they excelled their neighbors in domestic and civic virtues, but because

they are typical of the ideals of those days of simple matter-of-course devotion to family, church, and neighborly duties. My own mother was one of them, but of her I have spoken elsewhere. There was Mrs. Bertrand, hard working, devoted, home loving, rearing Achilles, John, George, Belle, Antoinette, Florence and Philip to self-respecting manhood and womanhood. Her neighbors saw her comparatively seldom, but when they did they were impressed by her quiet dignity. She possessed an artistic temperament which manifested itself in the notably becoming attire which she made for her little girls, out of simple, and often scanty, materials. She bequeathed her artistic taste to every one of her children, in each of whom it is manifest in some form. Mrs. Lars Lenroot was another such mother. Utterly self-effacing, she reared a large family, Louis, Albert, Eda, Irvine, Nellie and Arthur. Albert and Eda lived long enough to give abundant evidence of ability and of great nobility of character, but died of typhoid fever, one in the fall and one in the spring of the same year. Albert was about twenty years old, and Eda 62 eighteen. At this writing the others are all living, and giving a good account of themselves. It is a source of pride to me that my children are descended from Lars and Frederica Lenroot.

Of another old mother I must speak because she was of the last of a vanishing type. She was the mother of a prominent pioneer of the best stock. She was aged, tall, sturdy, dignified, and possessed of the uncommon quality of great common sense. She moved with a sweet serenity of bearing, seldom went out, but was highly respected by all who knew her. If an emergency took a neighbor into the home late in the evening they might find Grandma sitting near the fire, a white, ruffled nightcap tied under her chin, and a clay pipe between her teeth. The pipe was hastily removed upon the advent of a caller, and an ineffectual attempt made to conceal it beneath the ample folds of the blue and white checked gingham apron which was tied around her waist. I am sure there was nothing but the pipe in her life which she need ever have tried to conceal.

Neighbor was so dependent upon neighbor in those days that we were always on the lookout for opportunities of helpfulness to each other. Some of our neighbors were very humble. One winter a small, dilapidated frame house near us was inhabited by Indian

squaws. One of them, old Nakomis (Grandmother), very aged, was dying of consumption. Food from our kitchen and other little comforts, often found their way there. On one occasion Father, going over to see if the squaws were comfortable, found old Nakomis very ill and lying upon a poor hard bed on the floor. He came home and asked mother for an empty bedtick, such as had been formerly stuffed with straw, as was often done on the farm in Osceola when mattresses were still a luxury. Mother produced

*His beard was his own! John E. Bertrand in masquerade costume.*

63 an empty “tick,” father took it to Mr. Decimval's barn, and got permission to fill it with hay. There being no grain raised in that vicinity at that time, straw, the better filling, was not available. Father filled the “tick” as full as it could be stuffed, until it assumed enormous proportions and, managing to get it upon his back, so carried it to the home of the squaws a block away. I stood in the window and watched the grotesque figure go down to road, nothing visible but the huge, bulging mattress, and Fathers long legs walking off with it. It was a sight to make one “smiley round the mouth and teary ‘round the lashes.” Father presided with distinguished dignity on the bench of the circuit court, but could lay aside his dignity entirely to help the most humble fellow creature.

Of the popular songs of the day, but few found their way to our remote community, but one of the beaux of the town, George M. Smith, of pleasant memory, possessed a guitar upon which he played the accompaniments of “Little Brown Jug, How I Love These,” “Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines”—who feeds his horse on oats and beans, and was captain of the Army, and proud of it—and “Shelling Green Peas” the refrain of which was: *“Under the trees, The bowl on her knees, Maria sat silently, shelling green peas!”* and there were a few others that I do not recall.

I think we left “I Want to be an Angel” behind us in the Osceola Sunday School, but I recall the first stanza: *“I want to be an angel And with the angels stand, A crown upon my forehead, A harp within my hand: 64 And there before my Saviour, So glorious and so bright, I'll join the heavenly anthem, And praise Him day and night.”*

This narrative covers some conditions existing and incidents arising mainly between the years of 1861 and 1874, with some occasional reference to happenings of a later date. The first part of the narrative, consisting mostly of childhood's earliest impressions, does not deal to any extent with personalities outside of the family circle. For that reason a store of very precious memories connected in later years with Hudson, is not drawn upon at all. In the year 1876, at a time of universal business stagnation, Father moved his family back to Hudson, and resumed the practice of law there, having lost his seat on the circuit bench for one term. We remained in Hudson about five years at that time, and many new and vital experiences came to me there, and some of the dearest and most enduring friendships of my life were formed, notably that with Jennie Jefferson, now Mrs. Penfield.

The family returned to Superior in 1881. Beginning with our first residence in Superior, when the writer was about twelve years old, a broader social consciousness was awakened, and from that point on the narrative deals somewhat more generally with neighborhood personalities. On account of the peculiar local conditions, such as long distances, bad roads, and no means of locomotion except by the “Foot and Walker line,” the social experiences of the younger members of the family were still circumscribed by the boundaries of a limited locality, and the individuals intimately concerned with our daily life were for the most part those immediately about us. There were living in Oldtown several families of prominence who would have merited distinction in any community,

*George M. Smith and his guitar.*

65 people of fine birth and breeding, of noble character, and possessed of social graces. They were mostly affiliated with the Congregation of the Church of The Redeemer, the oldest Episcopal church in Superior, and some of them with the First Methodist Episcopal Church while our affiliations were with the First Presbyterian Church, to which most of the Uppertown families belonged. Father and Mother had many valued friends among them, and in later years they became dear to me. Were we writing of conditions existing ten years later, when we became old enough to extend our friendships to those who were

scarcely included in the more lively memories of our early years, there would be a notable list of people who were vitally associated with much that was most interesting, and of the utmost value to the life of the community as then existing, and to its future development. They left a lasting impression for good upon their city, then in its infancy.

This narrative makes no pretense of being a comprehensive history of the early days of Superior. An abler pen should some day attempt it. These are simple village memories of an unsophisticated childhood, and so far as Superior is concerned, deals mainly with Uppertown, which comprised about the area which is not known as Central Park.

The mention of a few names will indicate the close ties that bind some of the Uppertown families together: Irvine W. Gates, for whom Irvine Lenroot was named; S. H. Clough, for whom Clough Gates was named; Bertha Clough, for whom Bertha Clough Kimball—now Mrs. Mc Causland—was named. At this writing (1926) all these namesakes of the original pioneers still reside in Central Park.

66

These memories of Long Long Ago properly come to an end as the town slowly expands, as strangers settle among us, and as we begin to assume more metropolitan airs. Opportunities for simple out-of-door pleasures survive, and even multiply with the advent of good roads and automobiles, but boating and open-air skating are no longer generally indulged in.

In order to link the generation with which these chronicles have most to do with that of our children, I paint briefly a picture of some of our later pleasure, which we shared with them. Even these experiences are so far behind us that I shall call the description of them:

67

**Souvenir**

We were neighbors gathered around a friendship fire on the shore of the Great Lake, whose waves brought us driftwood. Our children played around us, tugging at fuel half buried in the sand, and feeding the leaping flames. The brighter the fire, the darker the gloom of the pine trees behind us. The moon rose, and straightway bridged the waters by a radiant path to our shore. The spell of the moonlight was upon us. There fell silences so eloquent that there was no need of speech between us. The children were lost to sight in the gloom outside the firelight, and by degrees even their voices came less frequently through the dark. At intervals a voice from one or another of us was raise, calling “Anna!” or “Leigh!” “Margery!” “Dorothy!” and “Ira!” “Where are you Katherine!” When tired of play, they crept one by one to our sides, and drowsed through the old folds; talk. (Were we old folks then, so long, long ago? To them we were, yet we feel young still, and ‘twas but yesterday!) The fire died down, the moon, though more brilliant now, could not entirely dispel the encroaching shadows. Reluctantly we gathered together wraps and picnic baskets. The children's tired feet stumbled through the deep sand, and even the older ones lagged.

But soon we were rowing home across the moonlit bay, Mrs. Burnhans, Ira and Margery, in the graceful canoe making a picture in the moonlight, the Jerrards in a row-boat, the Lenroots in another. Voices were lifted in old, sweet songs; good nights were spoken from boat to boat as we neared the shores of home. Very soon we were all in our beds, and if we dreamed, we dreamed happily. New links had been formed in a chain of friendships that were to endure.



Now the automobile has superseded the rowboat, and we know the paths the moon makes across the waters no more!